The P[illegible]'s

GARLAND,

Containing five War Songs.

The Pope's Bull baited.

Brittons Call to War.

God save the King.

British Courage reviv'd.

Brittons Strike home; or, the Oracles of War.

By Sam. Nayler, in Broad-Mead, BRISTOL

The Pope's Bull baited.

BRittons now the War's proclaimed,
George has clear'd what Lewis blam
France by England muſt be tam'd,
And feel her juſt Reſentment;
For your Freedom firmly ſtand,
Your reaſon beſt with ſword in hand,
Don't loſe an Inch of Abbe land,
But ſhew a juſt Reſentment.

Frenchman, every treaty breaker,
Sort of Politick Undertaker,
Univerſal miſchief maker,
Such is the chriſtain hero;
Raiſing jealouſies and Fears,
Sets Kings together by the Ears,
Always laying golden ſnares,
And ſpills more blood then nero.

Britons mind you're adverti ſed,
Guard 'gainſt ſwarms of prie?s diſgui
Examine cloſe, be well adviſed,
Obey the proclamation:
Sons of freedom burn the yoke,
Too much lenity's a joke;
Rouze your ſpirits ward the ſtroke,
Secure the britiſh nation.

ut the Papiſts e're youe'r undone
the valets you're ſo fond on
nk o'th' plot and fire of london,
Are ſchemes of Holy Vermin,
ithfield rounds with horror tell,
thouſands, which by tortures fell,
bloody Mary and fiends of hell:
Think and ſoon determine.

t party feuds be quite forgotten,
vil quarrels dead and rotten,
aintain the wars they are ſo hot on,
Aſſiſt your faith defender:
ſſert your rights, your countries cauſe,
pport your church, your king, your laws
aſte to the wars, and never pauſe,
Scourge pope and baſe pretender.

ho' at this time there's many forc'd
gainſt their inclination,
e hope in time it's for our good,
We'll fight for our king and nation,
e'll make the french to rue the day,
hat ever they began the fray,
he pope he may go home and pray,
That he's ſafe from George of England.

Britton's Call to War.

BRittons for Arms yourſelve's prepar
Honour and Glory calls for War,
Reputed Sons of antient Fame,
Let not your noble Courage ſtain,
But boldly drive both France and Spai
O Rare England.

You that reign Maſters of the Seas,
Shake of Inglories ſloth and eaſe,
Exert yourſelves with Force and Migh
And ſhew how Engliſh Men can fight.
To do an injur'd Nation right,
O Rare England.

Then let us not be Careleſs at all
But obey this noble Call,
Cannons roaring, Bullets flying,
Drums are beating, Men are dying,
Theſe are the noble Effects of War,
O Rare England!

God save the King.

GOD Save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
nd him Victorious,
ppy and Glorious
ng to reign over us,
God save the King.

Lord our God arise,
tter our Enemies,
And make 'em fall.
y he the Spaniards Hush,
l like a Torrent Rush,
the Vile French to crush,
God save us all.

ame let thy Trumpet Sound,
ke all the World resound,
Great George is King.
k!—distant Valleys ring,
g live our Noble King,
n whom such Blessings spring,
God save the King.

Brittiſh Courage Reviv'd.

HARK! hark how far,
The voice of War
To Glory calls around;
Riſe! Britons riſe!
With chearful Cries,
And join the Martial Sound,
See how your Foes,
Their Dread Diſcloſe
And [illegible]indle to Diſgarce,
Lead on, Lead on,
'Till Vict'ry's won,
And give their Squadrons Chace?
No Vengance lowers,
Thoſe faithleſs Pow'rs,
Who late her cauſe eſpous'd,
In ſilent Aye,
Or diſtant fly,
Before the Lion rous'd.
Brave Vernon comes,
With Battering Bombs,
See India look diſmay'd,
And Europe wait,
The Will of Fate,
In Britiſh Fleets convey'd.

Britons Strike home: or the Oracles of War

TO Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
Your Enſigns now diſplay,
ow, now, now, now, now, now,
the Battle in array;
e Oracle for War declares, for War, &c.
ccеſs depends, Succeſs depends
on your Hearts and Spears,
tons ſtrike home,
venge, revenge, your country's wrongs
ght, fight and record,
ght, fight and record,
Yourſelves in Druids Songs.
ght, fight and record
ght, fight and record
Yourſelves in Druids Songs.

rag'd, Inrag'd, Inrag'd, Inrag'd,
Your Showers of Balls let fly,
me, come, come, come, come, come,
Let us win the Day or die;
e Honour of the Field we have, the
Field we have,
ith loud Huzza's, with loud Huzza's,
eſs on, you bold and brave,

Britons, maintain your Rrigts, your ri
by conquering Blows;
Down with the Pride,
Down with the Pride
Of your oft vanquish'd Foe.
Down, down with the Pride,
Down, down, &c.
Of your oft vanquish'd Foes.

Let's rouze, let's rouze, let's rouze,
rouze
The British Lion bold,
Sc[illegible]how, how, how, how, how, ho
his heroick Eye Balls roll'd;
With Silver Trumps sound a Charge,
Charge Front and Rear;
Break thro' their Ranks, break thro'
Without any Dread or Fear,
Let them be driv'n [illegible]O JU 52
Before, before your conquering Arr
And make them dread,
And make them dread
Great Britain's loud Alarm.
And make them dread,
And make, &c.
Great-Britain's loud Alarm.